

Price 5 Cents.

Established 1878

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

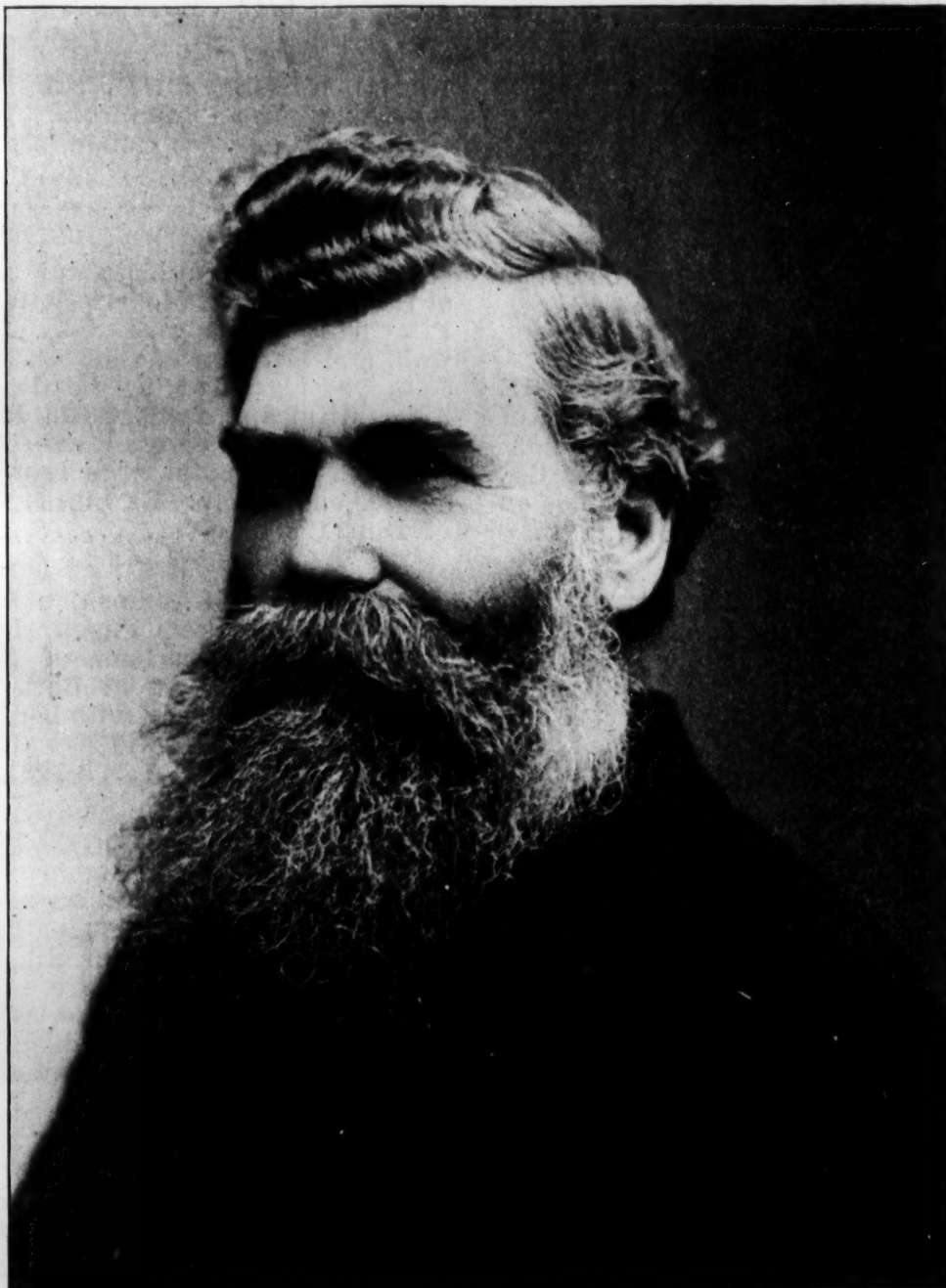
WAY & WILLIAMS,
PUBLISHERS.

CHICAGO, MARCH 12, 1896.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.
NEW SERIES, VOL. 3.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
EDITORIAL:	
Notes.....	19
Editorial Correspondence.....	20
Doing Small Things. E. P. P..	21
THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:	
Concord River, (poem), J. F. B.	22
Shall We Arbitrate? E. P. P. .	22
Chicago in 1854.....	23
"Our Mother Tongue" by "Blink Bonnie".....	23
Heavenly Visitants.....	24
THE HOME:	
Helps to High Living.....	26
Popping Corn (poem).....	26
My Little Man	26
The Bishop's Adventure.....	26
"Na Botlish" by Juniata Stafford	26
THE STUDY TABLE:	
The Century of Sir Thomas More	27
Mars and The Marsians.	27
THE LIBERAL FIELD:	
The Western Unitarian Confer- ence	28
Field Notes.....	28
POEM:	
"The Man who was with Field at Knox "	31
ANNOUNCEMENTS	32



JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

The Titles of a Few Books in Stock Offered for Sale at the Prices Affixed.

PASTELS—By Paul Bourget. Number 133 of an edition of 200 copies, printed on Japan paper for L. Conquet. Title page in colors, with six portraits also in colors, each of which has been retouched by the artist, Robaudi.

Bound by Mercier, successor of Cuzin, in full red polished levant, with corners and back panels elaborately tooled. In slip case.....\$150.00

THE QUEEN OF THE FISHES—A story of the Valois adapted by Margaret Rust. Being a printed manuscript, decorated with pictures and other ornaments cut on the wood by Lucien Pissarro, and printed by him in divers colors and in gold at his press in Epping (Vale Publications). One hundred and fifty copies were made (120 for sale, of which 50 have been sold in France, Germany, Holland, Belgium and Italy, and 70 are for England and America). Crown 8vo.

Each copy is numbered and signed. Printed on Japan paper and bound in vellum.

Price\$7.50 net.

THE LIBRARY OF ROBERT HOE—A contribution to the history of Bibliophilism in America by O. A. Bierstadt. New York, Duprat & Co., 1895. Edition limited to 350 copies on Japan vellum\$15.00

AMERICAN BOOK PLATES—A Guide to their study, with examples. By Charles Dexter Allen. Edition limited to 75 copies on Japan vellum, of which this is No. 8.....\$30.00

THE DUODECIMOS' FACSIMILE OF POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC FOR 1733—The first of the famous series of almanacs printed by Benjamin Franklin under the pseudonym of Richard Saunders. With an introduction by the Hon. John Bigelow of New York; and illustrated with an etched portrait by Johnson, and artotype reproductions of thirteen other notable portraits\$25.00 net.

One hundred and five copies printed. This is a subscriber's copy, purchased by the advertisers, and is as clean as the day it was issued.

VALERIA AND OTHER POEMS—By Miss Harriet Monroe, Chicago, 1891. No. 215 of the privately printed edition. Octavo. Bound in green silk and vellum\$7.50

JAMESON (MRS.)—Legends of the Madonna, Legends of the Monastic Orders, 2 vols., Sacred and Legendary Art, 2 vols.; History of Our Lord, as exemplified in Works of Art (completed by Lady Eastlake); 2 vols.—together 6 vols., square 8vo. with 80 etchings and

721 wood engravings from the beautiful drawings of the author and Mrs. Macpherson, from paintings, mosaics, ancient ivory carvings, etc. Dark blue polished levant morocco, emblematically tooled, super-extra, gilt tops, by Riviere\$150.00

PADELOUP—Les Echappemens a Repos compares aux Echappemens a Recul; avec un Memoire Par Jean Jodin. Paris, 1754. A superb specimen in old red morocco, richly decorated on back and sides, with the arms of Madame de Pompadour (the former owner) on both covers....\$100.00 net.

THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN—Necessary for all families.

Old black morocco elaborately tooled in gold and silver.
London, 1677\$10.50

DODRIDGE—An historical account of the Ancient and Modern State of the Principality of Wales, Dutchy of Cornwall, and Earldom of Chester. By Sir John Dodridge, Knight. London, 1714. A beautiful specimen of Old Red Levant completely covered with tooling and with very quaint large figured gold and red end papers. Ex Libris, "Stuart of Dunnairn Esq.".....\$19.50

R. RIVIERE—A companion for Nelson's Festivals and Fasts. London, 1708. An early specimen of R. Riviere's work, executed at Bath. Dark green grained morocco, with border and center panel tooled. Gauffered edges, ...\$8.75

WEIR—PUPIL OF ROGER PAYNE—Full polished levant morocco with tooled borders duplicated on inside in Payne's manner and evidently with his tools. Silk lining, full gilt, \$15.75.

Mr. and Mrs. Weir were Roger Payne's assistants, but Mrs. Weir did most of the work, her husband being the devoted companion of Payne in the tap room.

MENNIL—Recueil Des Plus Blank Vers. Paris, 1661. Red levant morocco. Richly tooled back and triple filleted sides\$14.00

BOZERIAN—The Seasons. By James Thomson. Printed by T. Bensley for F. J. Du Roveray, 1802. Citron levant morocco. Back richly tooled and inlaid sides, tooled border. Lavender watered silk insides.....\$22.00

BOZERIAN JEUNE—Oeuvres d'Horace. Paris, 1804. 2 vols. Red

crimped morocco, elaborately tooled back and side borders.....\$12.50

SIMIER—Corpus Juris Civiles, Amsterdam, Dan Elzevir, 1664. Beautifully engraved title page. 2 vols. Red crimped morocco. Elaborately tooled on back and sides, doublée light blue silk\$28.00
Ex Libris Henri Lambert.

KELMSCOTT PRESS—Child Christopher and Goldilind the Fair. A new romance by William Morris. 2 vols., 16mo. Bound in half Holland (uniform with the King Florus series). The edition consists of 600 copies ..\$6.00 net.

HAND AND SOUL—By Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Printed by Mr. William Morris at the Kelmscott Press, in the "Golden" type, with a specially designed title page and border. "Hand and Soul" first appeared in "The Germ," the short-lived magazine of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The edition consists of 520 paper copies and 21 copies on vellum. Of the former, 25 were printed for Mr. Morris, 5 for the English libraries, 190 for England, and 300 for America. Of the 21 copies on vellum, all of which have been sold, 4 copies were printed for Mr. Morris, 11 were sold in England, and 6 have been sold in America. The paper copies printed for England are all sold, and many of those printed for America have been subscribed for. 16mo, bound in vellum.....\$3.50 net.

THE ASHLEY LIBRARY—Issued privately by Thomas J. Wise. Letters from Robert Browning to various correspondents. Thirty copies only printed. 2 vols. Post octavo, printed octavo, printed upon Whatman's hand.....\$6.00 net.

LETTERS FROM JOHN RUSKIN TO THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE. M. A.—With two illustrations. Post octavo, printed upon Whatman's handmade paper. Cloth. Thirty-three copies only printed.....\$6.00

ODES, SONNETS AND LYRICS—By John Keats. 250 copies. Printed at the private press of Henry Daniel, Oxford, 1895, with portrait of Keats, reproduced from a beautiful drawing by Joseph Severn, which has never until now been copied. Quarto.....\$7.50

ODE ON THE NATIVITY—By John Milton. 200 copies. Printed on handmade paper at the private press of Henry Daniel, Oxford, 1894. Sq. 16mo, ...\$3.00

WAY & WILLIAMS,

MONADNOCK BLOCK.

CHICAGO.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1896.

NUMBER 2.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—From *Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

*"Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.*

*If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field."*
—Arthur Hugh Clough.

The world has known much grace that was not gracious. There is often courage and thrift in life before there is gentleness and merriment. It is the business of religion to-day to emphasize the amenities of life. Give the children the graces of gentleness and helpfulness, and the virtues honesty and integrity and their fellows will follow.

The old "code of honor" dies slowly. Last week a Virginia senator knocked a fellow senator down with his stick in the state house, inflicting an ugly if not a dangerous scalp wound. The honorable (!) defense was, "he had insulted me. What else could I do?" Sure enough—but is the insult now atoned? Is the "honor" of the valiant senator from Appomattox more bright again? Alas, for such "honor." Speed the day when such a "code" will be outgrown.

A Methodist Church in Evanston tried a unique, if not a dangerous, experiment the other evening by inviting some bright laymen to say what they would do if they were clergymen, and giving the clergy a chance to retort by telling what they would do if they were laymen. A noted lawyer and a "bishop" were among the speakers. The lawyer told the preachers that they were misled by their theological seminaries, that they were "still looking at the world through mediæval eyes." The bishop retorted that if he were a "layman he

would not pretend to know it all." Of course there was a crowd, and alas! it was a money-making scheme and it was successful. If there were more such comparisons of notes for truth's sake and not for "revenue only," it would be well.

"A reform in the nursery will change the creed of Christendom," says James Martineau. Some people are in danger of reading this to mean, let the nursery now begin to change, not only the creed, but the practice of Christendom. The mother who governed her children is in many places giving way to the mother who is submissively governed by her children. The old-fashioned mother is best in this respect. Mother is given the child. Let it not grow up untaught in the severities of the law of right and the obedience that is the human end of the divine law of love.

The *Sunday School Times* for February 22d contains an article on "The Institutional Church" by Rev. John L. Scudder. The name and the thing at present seem a little out of the regular order. The time is coming when a church that is not institutional, viz., a church that does not try to embody its theories and to practice its piety, will have hard work to show cause for being. The institutional church is but a return to cathedral efficiency of the earlier days of Christianity when the cathedral stood for the helping agencies of life.

It is a great pity that so triumphant an organization as the Salvation Army should at last be riven by an unholy family quarrel. It is impossible for an outsider to place the blame. Probably it is not to be located. The Salvation Army has done a great work. For its methods we have always had a large degree of respect, notwithstanding we found them so much at variance from those of our own. But the ultimate lesson begins to grow plain. The "kingdom of heaven cannot be taken by violence." A worthy purpose cannot atone for vicious logic or arbitrary methods. The Salvation Army had a fragment the world waits for and in the long run will accept only the whole gospel, love and reason, beauty and duty.

The Humane workers of the District of Columbia are trying hard to get a law through Congress providing that in the District "vivisection involving pain shall be performed only on subjects rendered insensible by anæsthetics," and "that these provisions shall be enforced by the licensing and inspection of laboratories." Strange to say this law is not only opposed by the old school physicians who may feel that it is an infringement upon their domain, but many of the scientific doctors are arraying themselves against this obvious law of humanity. This is a sad antagonism. The right seekers and the truth seekers ought to be one and stand shoulder to shoulder for the kingdom of light which is

necessarily the kingdom of love. The scientist should be the last man to forget that

"Each outcry of the human hare
A fiber from the brain doth tare;
A sky-lark wounded on the wing
Doth make a cherub cease to sing."

In the death of James H. McVicker, Chicago sincerely regrets the departure of one who for forty years has been most ardently devoted to her growing prosperity, welfare and civic life, and the theatrical profession mourns the loss of a promoter whose ideas as to public amusements were exceptionally high, dignified and clean. Mr. McVicker's religious sympathies were as broad and universal as his public spirit. He was much beloved by actors and clergy alike. As drama is the child of the church, Mr. McVicker firmly believed that their fundamental purposes are the same—the conservation of public morals. To this high mission he devoted his life, and his unique, lovable, scholarly and brilliant figure will not shortly be replaced.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

It is not inauguration week, but it threatens to be inauguration weather at Washington, from which point I send this letter to the readers of THE NEW UNITY. The wind is up this Monday morning, the 2nd of March, and makes noise enough to do duty as a Chicago blizzard. It is a suggestion so unspring-like that in a few hours I shall hie me still further south, hoping to snatch a little summer sunshine from somewhere, for medicinal uses only, during this two weeks absence.

But before going further in search of this physical medicine, let me tell of the spiritual tonic received during my recent campaignings in the other direction. On the 18 ultimo I found myself in the no less windy city of St. Paul, where wind means something, and the thermometer shrank down toward the 20° below. They deal not in oxygen but in ozone up there, or something else that is pure flame and sets the blood a tingling. To be in St. Paul is, for the present writer, to be in the hands of old friends, to live over again the heroic and inspiring days of the Unity Church when Gannett planned and prophesied; and it is a delight to see how the apostolic succession is maintained here. Effinger, Gannett, Crothers and Lord! What a line of prophets! What a find this would have been in the old days! How rich would the cathedral city of Minnesota have been in saints if the century had been the fifteenth and not the nineteenth. Things have sobered since those days when, as western Secretary, I used to travel to St. Paul for the sake of an all night's plotting in the "interests of the kingdom" with the pastor of Unity Church. It is hard not to write that things have saddened. The plans then laid have not miscarried, but they have seemed to carry elsewhere than where the earnest plotters hoped they would go. But the thwarted hopes are not yet to be written as dead hopes. Perhaps they planned wiser than they knew, and perhaps the result is better than it seems. Perhaps they consulted human impatience more than the Divine patience, and the short-ranged failure is a part of the long-ranged success. Disappointments came to temper the steel. The kingdom refused to be taken by violence in St. Paul or

in the western conference, or the little Western Field we used to talk about, because the kingdom will not bloom for some until it blooms for all. Human nature cannot be saved in spots. Salvation is for everybody before it can be sweet, sure and satisfying to anybody.

But my visit to St. Paul was still a visit for planning with the Primate of Minnesota, which honor now falls graciously upon the earnest head of Mr. Lord. He belongs already, at the end of a few months of ministry, not to any little band of heretics, not to any "Unitarian" church or movement, but he belongs to the people, he is one of the workers for and with the city. He is a voting and reforming citizen, a pastor in that section of the American Church, and so, of course, he is interested in the civic piety of his neighbors.

It was a happy coincident, let us hope an auspicious omen, that made the day of my arrival the day upon which the Humane Society of the State of Minnesota was in session, and the first word it was our privilege to utter in public address was in the interest of those who may not speak for themselves, and to those who would reduce cruelty in the world. Cold as the day was, some eighteen or twenty different towns and cities in the state were represented, and each had its story of brutes protected from the brutal treatment of their biped brother, the heartless man. And alas! mingled with the stories of harsh driving, under-feeding, inhuman neglect and torture of animals in transit, heartless exposure of horses to cold and heat, and thoughtless cruelty to dogs, such as are associated in the public mind with frontier life, there came also the more sickening, because the more disheartening, stories of woman's genteel barbarities following the march of empire westward. Her kid-gloved savagery that delights in the mutilated docked tail of the noble horse, and the torturing confinement of the inquisitorial, over-check, all for "style's sake. The reports of this society at this meeting continue to show the most discouraging phase of the humane movement at the present day. The ever-increasing denudation of the world of the most decorative and inoffensive achievements of nature outside the human realm by the wanton hand of woman. The wife, mother and sister heart of the world continues to bear jauntily on its hat the precious plumage of nature's animated flowers and God's choristers of the wood and water-side. There is little indication that there is any abatement of this barbarity on the part of the dead-bird-wearing-gender of the genus homo. Spite of all protestations the dictum of the wholesale dealer in Chicago some years ago seems to be justified by figures: "If a few ladies of Paris were to begin to wear live birds on their hats this year, there would be a big trade in live birds for that purpose here next year, no matter what your Humane Society might say." If there is a disappearance of the undissected bird and a reduction in the number of complete wings to be seen upon the streets, it is because the poor birds are becoming rarer, the plumes becoming more expensive, and the manufacturers can make more money by mutilating the feathers in the shop and multiplying the artificial aigrettes. Will this unholy business not stop until the birds of plume which generally are also the birds of song pass with the buffalo, the seal, the moose,

elk and deer from off the face of the earth, extinguished by the hunting hand of civilized man?

The Humane Society of Minnesota was fittingly envired that day when it met in the Associated Charity Building of St. Paul—a model home for the model philanthropist of what is probably a model city in this respect.

From this place we went to the busy gathering of the Unity Church women, industrious for Tuskagee. Boker T. Washington had been there telling of his marvelous work in Alabama and it was poetry, religion, political economy all in one to see Minnesota thus taking hand in the slow, but sure, reconstruction of the still distracted South.

That night I told the "Story of Jess, or the Silent Companionship" to a goodly audience at Unity Church. Next morning was another dive of sixty miles toward the north pole, an apparently unnecessary adventure for the north pole seemd to be bearing southward with great velocity and with great effect. But a big stove in a small room made cozy the study of Carleton F. Brown of St. Cloud. It makes a gray beard feel young to have a long interview with a young man of such clear vision sincere purpose and determined spirit as this pastor of Unity Church, in which church I lectured that evening to a full house, notwithstanding the weather, on the "Parliament of Religions and What Next."

By noon of the next day we were at Minneapolis, finding again one of the blessed compensations of growing old. It gives one such a beautiful list of old friends. It was a "New England supper" that night at Mr. Simmon's church and everybody was there. After much suppering things quieted down and we had a little Parliament of Religions all to ourselves, for Lord came over from St. Paul, Shutter and Atwood of the Universalist churches, the Rabbi of the Jewish Synagogue, and several other representatives of the cloth stepped in to increase the audience, while the man from Chicago again talked. It was the old title, but it was almost a new lecture. Many by this time have heard, in one form or another, the lecture on the Parliament, but very few have heard the extras which were offered at St. Paul on account of the exceeding jollity of the company.

This lecture does not grow old, because the lecturer does not tire of it. Because again the Parliament of Religion though passed, its appreciation, even its interpretation, is still far in the future, and so I was glad to stop the next day on the way home to give the Baraboo version of the interesting event to old friends here. It was "church supper night" here also. Pork and beans and reminiscences, with the companions of many and divers campaigns of nearly thirty years was the prelude. Robert Douthit, though temporarily in bed, is very much alive and doing very well here as pastor of the Free Congregational Church of Baraboo, a church planted by the prophet hands of Ichabod Coddington, who was himself a whole Liberal Congress wherever he went.

It was nearly Saturday noon when I reached my Chicago study to write the sermon on the "Life in Common" for the next morning. Sunday evening I

was at Aurora again, meeting the houseful of people in the People's Church. Monday it was preparing what THE NEW UNITY readers had for editorial pabulum last week. In the evening some home study class work, and Tuesday—then the bottom fell out and "ye Editor" collapsed for the first time this winter, bringing the anticipated excuse for the March runaway. And so here I am at Washington, where I arrived last Saturday. Yesterday two goodly audiences greeted me at All Souls Church. A week of social greetings and mind improvement by looking in on Congress and such like things is one possibility, and some long days in some Virginia solitudes further south is another possibility, and the latter is the more attractive. What it shall be I may report a week later.

Meanwhile, while waiting the new face of THE NEW UNITY, I greet my old readers with the assurance that I am still in for it "till the end of the war."

J. L. J.

DOING SMALL THINGS.

I have read much lately of the misery of being compelled to do small things, to waste one's self on little affairs. There is no little thing except littleness. When Sutro picked up a bit of gold, he opened the California gold mines and revolutionized half a continent. We cannot afford a very small amount of meanness, but nothing will so develop power as doing carefully and with grace the small every-day duties. The sorest evil of American life is the desire to make a strike in business. Women, like men, are dissatisfied with anything less than notoriety. But the best things are closely associated with very small doings. A good mother has to spend a large share of life in caring for babes and children. Their needs are such as in themselves cannot be interesting. But is there any resultant of great deeds equal to that of a perfect mother? A complete education consists of a vast agglomeration of trifles, of truths, of words, of side-light pictures, of minute efforts built together into character. On the whole I cannot see that in itself doing small things is lamentable.

The study of greatness is not wholly pleasing in these days. One is inclined to hold his head in shame when he reads of his ideals. Our civil war brought out some fine characters, mostly of such as were simple and not over fond of seeking to do great things. Lincoln's life is a make up of mostly pathetically small matters. I do not think he ever cared so much to preside at a Cabinet meeting as he did to save the life of a poor coward condemned to be shot for desertion. A few blusterers came to the front, unwilling to do anything but miracles; they have gone back into neglect, if not into contempt. The history of the last fifty years shows us few grand results in the way of character except those which were chiseled out by the struggle with slavery. It was a wonderful power to create heroes in tents, and "men of God" in the backwoods.

Of late we are too much possessed with the desire to be somebody in office, or in print to come before the world notably. So we have, instead of pastors, (Shepherds), noisy evangelists; instead of Livingstons, we have a peculiar evolution of adventurers whose aim

is to show up Africa. Among them all of late the noblest figure is Emin; gathering plants, with no lack of enthusiasm for profitable ivory, and withal loved by the natives. Small things bring love. Yet I hear him sneered at as a "mere collector," while Stanley is proclaimed the real hero. As for Emin he did his duty; taught the people the acts of a more comfortable life and a decenter. While he was not administering he was doing no worse than collecting bugs and plants and studying the natural history of Soudan.

Is it not about time for us to turn to a more moderate sort of ambition? The need of doing big things was on us one hundred years ago. The need now comes as strongly to be able and willing to do small things. The vast enterprises may be about over with. We have our Atlantic cables, and Pacific railroads, and there are no new worlds to civilize. Our farming must turn to an era of small things, well done.

Whatever ends well is well; whatever accomplishes fine results is good enough for any one. The true aim, therefore, seems to be faithfulness and honor rather than fame. Is there a satisfaction that a right mind can name equal to that of begetting and training a family of noble children? Can the huntress after publicity compare with the mother whose jewels are honest, intelligent, pure-hearted boys and girls?

But you turn on me with the complaint that I do not fully represent your dissatisfaction. You object to the insignificances of life. I was just thinking of that; and it seems to me that whatever power at this moment I have, comes from the least promising trivialities of my previous years. I remember a disgust with some menial work that I have done. Poverty at a time compelled some very unattractive work. At this moment I should be absolutely robbed of the most fertile of my experience if you could subtract those disagreeables from my life. Robert Collyer once said that to the service done in childhood for his mother his work on the anvil was the most making part of his life.

What is greatness after all? I asked a man the other day if he had ever heard of Robert Collyer. He pleasantly asked for information as to the identity of the person mentioned. Poor Robert! hero of a thousand crowds! and once as great as all Chicago. For the mere curiosity of it I went into a school house and asked the boys and girls of seven to fifteen if they could tell me when Henry Clay lived. There was not one of these incipient American citizens that knew who or what Henry Clay was. They were equally ignorant of Webster, except that one or two were sure he was an orator. They were not illy informed of Washington and Lincoln; and Ben Franklin was not wholly a stranger to them. Whatever this speaks concerning our educational system, it certainly is not encouraging to those who seek for immortality in men's minds. I think in fact that very many great men's lives and thoughts were wrought into the make-up of these American children, while their names were lost. Such men as McCormick, who invented the reaper, touch every farmhouse in the land; but the name McCormick is already quite lost among the masses.

E. P. P.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

CONCORD RIVER.

Fair laggard stream! whose summer banks
Lure still the wise, the gay, the true;
Through memory's haze I dream of you,
And see the willow's straggling ranks
Along thy meadows bright with dew.

Thy circling arms inclose the hill
Set as a gem, unique, between,
Then press that field's historic sheen
Where marched the brave whose patriot thrill
Adown the generations throng.

Moves on through joy, and grief, and wrong,
While deed of valor, word benign,
That mandate answer. Voice Divine!
"Renew, renew," thy deep refrain,
"Though Time pass on bid life remain."

J. F. B.

SHALL WE ARBITRATE?

Do we wish for a formal treaty between Great Britain and the United States, establishing arbitration of all disputes not settled by diplomacy? And why not, pray? If not, then the only and final resort must be war. A war between England and America would be nothing less than fratricidal. Does civilized progress count for nothing; or do we intend to say that while we have abolished dueling and resort to blood revenge in private strife, we propose in international matters forever to appeal to revenge and murder? Nothing but partisan struggle blinded us to the fact that the Monroe Doctrine was practically a league of this very sort—an agreement of the two nations (one people) to co-operate forever for popular rights, and in peace to conquer the world for humanity and God. And what mighty strides have been taken! Half the globe under the flags of English-speaking Anglo-Saxons! What have we to fight over? A question of trivial importance with which the United States has not the most remote concern. On the contrary we should "draw nearer" once more, as Canning said; create a court of arbitration of our own; a supreme tribunal of the English-speaking races. Let us all agree to abide by the decision of such a court; as our fifty states abide by the decisions of our Supreme Court.

If not, and that is not to be thought endurable, in a moment, without warning, the two countries may be plunged into war by a blunder—by a misreading of history—by a flash of resentment. And what then? Without England, not only would half our commerce be destroyed, but the civilizing of the world would be set back indefinitely. Neither nation can work alone. England dares because we exist. We dare because England exists. Whatever treaties we have elsewhere, our confidence is in that stock from which we sprung; in the stock of Milton and Harry Vane and Cromwell; the stock that hewed out the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights; that created a Parliament of the people as a bulwark against despotism. Our fate is one. We cannot afford to fight; we can afford great patience with each other. We have the same faults and vices, as we have the same virtues. We have one language, one common law, one religion and one future.

The reckless threat of war is reacting, and creating a sentiment of fraternity, such as otherwise could not have been hoped for. There is honey in the lion's carcass. Evil comes out of good. "There is a Providence

shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." No time was before ever so favorable for an advanced step of international fraternizing. We must place it beyond the power of any man of any rank to plunge civilization into barbaric strife, and cost us a century of progress. England has done nobly. Her people have spoken gently and lovingly. Let us respond as a Republic of freemen, whose freedom means a power not to bluff all creation, but to rule our own spirits. Jesus stands between us to-day and joins our hands. God gives us the world to save from barbarism.

E. P. P.

CHICAGO IN 1854.

Editors of The New Unity:

In looking over a package of old letters this one, so full of general information concerning Chicago in its early days, attracted my attention, and I decided to send it to the readers of The New Unity.

New Hampshire young men were turning their faces toward what was then called the far West. Many and glowing were the accounts written home of the Garden City, and those who remained on the old home farms were urged to seek their fortune in the comparatively new city of Chicago.

Sarah M. Bailey.

Hopkinton, N. H.

Chicago, Monday, Jan. 2, 1854.

Dear Brother:—A happy New Year to you down in New Hampshire. We are not working to-day. The Western people make a practice of observing holidays as strictly as they observe Sunday down East. Stores, postoffice and everything but the grogshops are closed.

We had about two inches of snow last night, which on our plank roads makes very good sleighing. This is improved to-day with a gusto known only to westerners. Every kind of a horse is harnessed to something and made to put forth all the speed it possesses. Dry goods boxes with poles for shafts, ropes for harness when straps fall short, rich and poor alike enjoy this New Year's Day. All is life—hubbub, tip-over and runaway. Everything that constitutes a genuine sleighing party in a free country.

This is indeed a free country. No bounds are set. Schemes of speculation are entered into that make men rich or poor in a day. We have no aged men here, no old heads made wise by experience to act as regulators. Go into any church or lecture room, attend any public gathering, and you will see none but young people. All are in the prime of life. We have commenced a course of lectures. We have had Fred Douglas lecturing on slavery, Lucy Stone on woman's rights, Mrs. Bloomer on short skirts, and Horace Greeley on reforms in general. All these speakers are very popular.

The last lecture was by Theodore Parker, in Metropolitan Hall, corner Randolph and La Salle. He is a great man. I never heard his equal. He comes down with all his power upon the system of religion we have at the present day. He says, "Calvinism never was set to the music of the human heart," and that the Catholics are more consistent in worshipping the virgin Mary than Christians in worshipping a Calvinistic God. The former is presented in all the beauty and fascination of woman, while the latter is either made to assume a horrid, revengeful character or one which no one can understand or comprehend.

We are to have John G. Saxe from Vermont in a few weeks and many other noted speakers during the winter.

I tell you the West is the place to live in if you want to think as you please. Come and try it.

Your affectionate, Brother.

P. S.—The following year the recipient of this let-

ter went to Chicago, and together the brothers grew to middle life with the city of their adoption.

"OUR MOTHER TONGUE."

BY "BLINK BONNIE."

In a recent newspaper mention of the death of an English gentleman, the editor said "he was master of seven languages." Such statements are very common when referring to a man's power as a linguist, yet they are wholly untrue. A scholar may have a good working knowledge of seven languages, but to be a master of seven languages is an intellectual impossibility. Seldom do we find a man master of his own language, more particularly if he is a native of an English speaking country.

To be thoroughly conversant with one's own language is the happy lot of the few not the many. If you doubt this take another look at Lindley Murray, Cobbett or Angus and note the wide difference in the opinions of such authorities as to the use of certain words and on the structure of sentences.

Or ask some foreigner about the difficulties he encounters in his heroic attempts to learn the English language, and then calculate how long it would take to become a master of the other six.

Take the simple word "set" as an example of the many uses to which the same word is put. Set is employed in no less than 161 senses as a verb, 47 as a noun, and 15 as an adjective. The word "accessory" has nine pronunciations, "accouchement" ten, and "accursed" ten.

An educated Frenchman expressed himself after this fashion on the intricacies of our language: "When I discovered that if I was too quick I was fast, if I stood firm I was fast; if I spent money too freely I was fast, and that not to eat was to fast, I was discouraged. But when I came across this sentence, 'The first one, won one one dollar prize,' I was sorely tempted to give up the study of English."

Referring to the correct use of English, a critic in *Blackwood's Magazine* wrote "that with the exception of Wordsworth, there is not a celebrated author of that day who has written two pages consecutively, without some flagrant impropriety in grammar." This is a rather serious charge to bring against the literati of the past, but if it was true in their writings, examination will reveal many weak-kneed sentences in the literary work of to-day.

Hugh Conway, in "Living and Dead" makes one of his characters say, "It must be very, very jolly to travel like he does." Anthony Trollope writes "It is like it was to be a king." In both cases the error is caused by substituting "like" for "as." Hundreds of such slips might be pointed out in the works of eminent authors, but in our criticisms we must never forget that "mere slavishness to the rules of grammar does not necessarily constitute elegant English."

Alfred Ayers who is an authority on all kinds of English, good, bad and indifferent, says there is not such a thing as ice-cream; now this is serious. That ice-cream is a physical impossibility, as ice-cream would be the product of frozen cream, viz., cream made from ice by melting. What is called ice-cream is cream iced. Hence in correct English such a thing as ice-cream does not exist.

The other day I remarked to my wife that I had made a grammatical error, and she answered, "How can you make an error that is grammatical, say instead that you made an error in grammar." "But, my dear, the same difficulty presents itself again, can there be an error in grammar?" "Well, then, say your statement according to the rules of grammar was incorrect." "But how could the statement be incorrect according to the rules of grammar?" "Well, well," she replied, "say anything you like." I am of the opinion

that with a little trouble, you can prove by the rules of grammar, that even ice-cream does exist, and then turn round and prove that it does not.

One of the most interesting of studies in the use of the English language, is the contemplation of what is called a word picture, a wonderful production like unto Solomon's apples of gold in a picture of silver.

The following example is not an extract from the graduating essay of a Boston school graduate, but simply a word picture of the moon by an imaginative genius on a country newspaper.

"Brighter grew the relumed orient as up behind the slowly-drifting cloud mountains fair Selene drove her royal train, till now the deepening border of every peak and crag, gilded and burnished with aureate beauty, towered out in rosy outline against the boundless perspective of occidental space. Up, up, moved the gorgeous procession, while the constellations grew dim and the stars turned pale, and, vanishing to their distant homes, left no blushing rivalry to vie with the fair, sweet face of the beautiful night queen. Now beaming with the full and radiant gaze of conscious purity, the chaste, wandering princess of the skies serenely smiled down upon the dreaming earth as through unclouded grandeur she rolled her royal chariot higher up the ethereal realms of night."

A recent wedding in humble life caused a Missouri editor to break out in this dangerous manner:

"So, when this season of roses woos nature to her happiest expression; when the earth is clothed in verdure and the air is sweet with the warbling melodies of birds; when rapturous, cloudless days are followed by dreamy, delightful nights, softened by the sweet radiance of the silent stars, and perfumed by the exquisite aroma of the floral world, then fitting it is that on the anvil of love Hymen's golden link should be forged."

Such writers should be told in plain language not to let their "unpremeditated expatiations be incomprehensible, and their veracious vivacity without any rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Let them avoid all psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity and meaningless vapidty, shun all jejune babblement and inconsistencies." Let them follow this wise advice, and in time they will develop a style, with speech and pen, fascinating by reason of its simplicity, and without the aid of any artificial adornment, become like Addison, a king among English prose writers.

"Mastery of language consists," says some person, "in the proper arrangement of simple words, rather than the multiplicity of big words." The use of simple terms is the evidence of the highest art.

HEAVENLY VISITANTS.

As about the outer man is a sky filled with light and warming the earth into life, so above the inner man is a heaven, with truth's light abroad in it, and sending love's quickening down into the soul. How define either, both being vast, illusive, impalpable, and yet more real than the solid earth, the fleeting flesh, the inspirers and nourishers of what life we live, a very reality in which we have our realization? However infinitely above the buttercup the sky, with its burning sun, may reach, it yet nestles close about that blossom of gold and lies in its heart, its transfiguration. As well, however infinitely above our souls heaven, with its loving God, lifts, it yet clings close above our hearts and lies within them their power of life and glory of humanity. By keeping open house to the sun the buttercup grows into its blossom; and by keeping open heart to God the soul lives and grows and becomes that beauty of holiness through which he would establish His humanity upon all the children of men, in their childhood realizing the beauties of his fatherhood, that his heart may be content in unselfish loving.

When my eye rests upon a violet, I am simply looking at a bit of skyey beauty made visible to my imperfect visioning. When I love a little child, I am realizing a bit of heavenly beauty, made flesh that so it might win its heavenly way to my heart. When I delight in the ripened peach, I am but just feeding upon the sunlight in an adaptation for blessing my hunger. When I am stirred to my depths by a pure woman and a true man, the very nobleness entering into me as life, I am but just living on God in adaptation to reach my waste with his renewing my scant with his fullness of life. Such are heavenly visitants; when welcomed, making us rich in a true humanity. Such a heavenly visitant is Jesus; when welcomed, making us holy in essential humanity; our human nature in its heights, just heaven coming to earth, the divine will done in the human obedience, the everlasting beauty so established upon us.

Our ideals are heavenly visitants. Welcomed, something of them actualizes, making life diviner. Such visitants are the ideals of the race, and their welcoming is just art and science and invention and churches and states and colleges; all man's creative achievement just the inspirations of God, the inbreathings of the heavens, the sun of love abroad in the soul's sky that there may be the harvests of human achievements.

Every fact is a heavenly visitant. Welcomed, and fed on the bread of a holy contemplation, it shows its divineness as truth, spiritual, nourishing, upbuilding; for in a loving mind and heart an earthly fact is always a heavenly truth, seen such as it lifts into its blossom of a quickened mind and heart.

Every thought that comes to stir us unto noble endeavor is a heavenly visitant. We cannot welcome such without being touched unto fine issues of heart, unto which heaven is vibrant with diviner life.

Every love that woos us is a heavenly visitant, whether in our leisure or our toil, whether in our duties or achievements, whether in our art or our books whether in desire to make the world a kinder, truer place, or whether in human faces and lives. Welcomed by us, we feel stir at our centers the gentle heaven that maketh great, the truth of God making us true, the love of God making us kind.

The love of God shines out of His heavens that it may on His earth clothe itself in wise thoughts as with blossoms, and in noble deeds, as with fruit. If unto such thinkings we are stirred, unto such actions moved, whether we know it to be His shinings or not, we are of His kingdom, and unto his honor and glory his own ennobling life is living in us.

In literature we find the heavenly love so lying in some heart that it goes forth unto creation, becoming the Little Nell of Dickens, the Robert Flaconer of George MacDonald, the John Halifax of Mrs. Craik, the Manxman Pete of Hall Caine, and Doctor MacClure of Ian Maclaren and others of the noble immortals that move in the literary heavens to bless and make fruitful our earth in human goodness. Sitting in the tent door of many a book, we see angels of our humanity drawing near to commune with us, and in their passing they leave us in some spell of heavenliness that makes former meannesses impossible for us. Many such a book is inspired out of the heavens of our humanity to save and sanctify the efforts of our lives.

The great ones who are the immortal nobleness of the past, are born out of the heavens of our humanity to walk its earth, making the place of their feet glorious. Moses, Paul, Luther, Roger Williams, Washington, Lincoln, Deborah, Mary, Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Stowe, Clara Barton, and the countless of their noble company, play on our hearts as they were harp strings and these musicians, and the music is good enough to sweeten the winds of heaven, and it does

attune us unto the fine issues of tender and true manliness.

Heavenly visitants touch us with ennobling emotion and purifying thought, and are an assurance and reality of heavenly life, so here and now beautiful and tender, fascinating with its goodness, that we will not worry about its continuance within our experiencing death, somehow knowing that this is a part of the perfect life of the everlasting God.

In everything Thou art revealed
The faithfulness that gives
The bounties of our happy earth,
And every life that lives;
Thy love the grace in every flower,
A rapture for our eyes;
In every bird Thy thinkings speak
A holy word that flies.

Thou art the dear humanity
These brother faces show;
The holy deeps of Thine own life
These lives of ours bestow;
And when we're sore a-hungering what
Thy hidden lovings mean,
In lives of human goodness Thou
Dost vision Thy unseen.

We give Thee back Thy holy love
In loving everything
The dear earth's faithfulness has won
From Thy pure passioning;
We love Thee back Thy birds and flowers,
Thy human children, dear;
In every deed of kindness done
Our troubled thinkings clear.

Earth's changing beauties are to show
How beautiful Thou art;
Their passing but some deepening grace
Of Thine eternal heart,
Compelling us for dying ones
The happy faith to hold,
That they in love diviner yet
Their beings' sweets unfold.

—Kindly Light.

God is the fullness of Life in all things, the life of the mysterious heavens in their processions of glory from infinite to infinite, the life of all creatures in the sweetness and abundance of joy. His new name is the Living Presence. Thou art the august, eternal Life, O wonderful Being, in faith and holy awe we realize thee as Life in ourselves and in everything.—[P. C. Mozoomdar.

The humanity of God is a revelation. No man was ever the same as the eternal, infinite God; but God is supremely human. If he is the life of the mere material creation, he is much more the life of humanity. He is the perfection of humanity; there is none so human as he. What is good in man is consummated in him; what is evil in man can never be in him. All evil is the opposite of humanity; all good is included in it.—[Mozoomdar.

The divinest man was the fittest type and organ of God. All human imperfections are removed, all human excellences are accumulated, in communion with divine Humanity. The loftiest peaks of the aspirations of all races are here kindled with the same light, the ideals of all religions are found true, and man stands as brother to man.—[Mozoomdar.

God is most certainly like man, though, indeed, he is infinitely more. What were the good of calling him Father if he did not embody the perfection of paternal attributes, or Mother, if the sweetness and unfailing love of maternity were not to be found in the divine nature? His righteousness, mercy, truth, his everlasting heavenliness, of wisdom and sympathy, make him like us. Sometimes strange scenes occur. Perhaps in some fastness, in some provincial hamlet, in the obscurity of some unheeded region, a divine man—one unlike

his brothers—is born—a fakir, or a tradesman, or a cowherd, or a Brahmin, or a carpenter's son, or, perhaps, a self-exiled prince. The shadow of Supreme Humanity falls upon his head like a divine aureole, his influence spreads like wild fire. Living, dying, or dead, he reigns over men. We stand amazed before him. We then come to feel through him how very near and how very like God is unto us all. Near, yet far, like yet unlike, will there be any end to the attainment of God?—[Mozoomdar.

Not merely in the infinite expanse of sky and creation is God the life, not merely as a Father or Mother or Friend in the encompassing humanity, but he is the life of my own body and soul, he is in every circumstance of my own being, the soul of my soul, my daily comforter, a wonderful though often unseen presence in my heart, that perpetually renews and strengthens me as nothing else can.—[Mozoomdar.

Every life realizes God as peculiar to itself, different from all other lives, according to its needs and sorrows. God is total, yet individual, universal yet special and personal. To every one of his seekers his image is a sweet divinity and a new revelation. Let us turn to him with longing hearts, as the life of the body and the soul of each one of us. Who knows what discords will then be healed, and what sorrows soothed? Who knows how many of us, long before the next day dawns, will be reunited in the abode where there is neither separation, nor misunderstanding, nor misery?—[Mozoomdar.

The love of the Spirit visits the loneliest and least, comforting all wretchedness with an assurance that suffices for life and death. It is love that recognizes love. Without love one cannot comprehend the love of God. The more loving the soul is, the more strong the sense of the divine affection.—[Mozoomdar.

It has always to be borne in mind that the Spirit is holy, and holiness in character only finds access to his love. The wicked who are penitent are visited with forgiveness and the marvelous peace which it brings, the heart that is broken feels for a moment the healing touch of heavenly love; but the perpetual sense of loving and being loved by the Supreme Person can come by personal holiness alone.—[Mozoomdar.

Moral love places the center of the individual in the center of being. It has at least salvation in principle, the germ of eternal life. To love is virtually to know; to know is not virtually to love. Philosophy can never replace religion. . . . Humanity must have saints and philosophers to complete the work of her philosophers.

All the powers of man touched by the spirit of faith, become spiritual powers. The intellect, sanctified, becomes prophetic wisdom; the feelings, set aglow by divine perception, are turned into profound devotions and the love of man; morality becomes holiness; imagination becomes second sight; faith unveils a world within the world. Everything is discerned in a new light, all nature unseals within its laws new meanings and significances, the universe is spiritualized. When the insight of faith perceives the personality of God, all the faculties, all the senses, all the experiences, all the worlds, bring their confirmation. God becomes real, religion becomes real, immortality becomes real, and all doubt is at an end.—[Mozoomdar.

A soul's place in the universe, like that of a planet, is determined by its own specific gravity. Its path among the rolling orbs is determined by its own density, its attractive power. This divine gravitation trusts to law, not to regulations, it flings the soul into the spaces of the spiritual universe and it finds its level according to its inner worth.

The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things
in a religious way.*

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING.

SUN.—He's true to God who's true to man.

MON.—Fulfill so much of God's decree
As works its problem out in thee.

TUES.—No power can die that ever wrought for Truth.
Thereby a law of Nature it became.

WED.—Always hearts are lying open wide,
Wherein some grains may fall.

THURS.—Happier to chase a flying goal
Than to sit counting laurelled gains.

FRI.—Love lives on and hath a power to bless
When they who loved are hidden in the grave.

SAT.—Faith made whole with deed,
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed.

—James Russell Lowell.

POPPING CORN.

One autumn night when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in heavy dashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,
Popping corn in the ashes;
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,
Sat looking on, just close to his knee.

Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the embers flying;
The boy held a long pine stick in his hand,
And kept it busily plying;
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,
And faster jumped to a clean-swept floor.

Part of the kernels flew one way,
And a part hopped out the other;
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of the brother.
The little girl gathered them in a heap,
And called them "a flock of milk-white sheep."
—Our Dumb Animals.

MY LITTLE MAN.

I know a little hero whose face is brown with tan,
But through it shines the spirit that makes the boy a man;
A spirit strong and sturdy, a will to win its way,
It does me good to look at him, and watch him day by day.
—The Independent.

THE BISHOP'S ADVENTURE.

Bishop Hannington, one day when taking his walk abroad in the jungle, saw a pretty little animal which came fawning up to him like a puppy. He picked it up and began to fondle it, whereupon some natives who were with him howled and ran away. The good missionary had taken a lion's whelp to his bosom and the infuriated parents soon made their appearance on the scene.

The bishop showed equal pluck and presence of mind. Dropping the cub, he put up his umbrella and gallantly charged the lion and lioness, dancing and yelling as if he had been one of the unconverted pagans celebrating some diabolical rite. Terror at the sight and sounds got the better of paternal and maternal affection, and the great cats turned tail and rushed back to their lair in the forest. [*American Youth.*]

"NA BOTLISH!"

It was in my own kitchen that I learned the above expression, and I find it such a help that I am unwilling to keep house without it. However it may be with others, I wish frankly to say that I get many a valuable bit of philosophy or example in my kitchen,

if only my mind is kept open to receive it, from whatever domestic helper may chance to be there.

In this case the "helper" was sunny Katharine, with her pretty blonde face and delicious brogue. She is full of native wit and wisdom, having all the good qualities and few of the faults of girls from "dear old Ireland." Her large size and early out-door labor have made her somewhat awkward with little delicate things or movements, and whenever one of these went wrong, I would hear "Na botlish!" under her breath.

If she forgot anything and was reminded or reproved, she would look conscience stricken for a moment and then say, "Na botlish!" If she put the embroidered table mats or doylies on wrong side up, as she is very apt to do, and they were pointed out to her, with "Na botlish!" and a smile she turned them over. I supposed it was an exclamation of impatience with which she "cleared the air," so to speak, so that when I one day asked: "Katharine, what does 'Na botlish' mean?" I was surprised to have her say, "Shure, it means never mind!" It is truly a magic word and well worth using above the kitchen as well as in it; and so I pass it on to a wider circle, with hearty recommendation.

It is rather true of our nervous American people that they do "mind" too much about most things. They put as much intensity of regret, or impatience, or even anger into their feelings toward a burnt pancake, an underdone steak, a cracked teacup or some other mishap of similar insignificance as they do into a great matter, and really would impress the domestic "helper" with its magnitude out of all due proportion. The quiet, and sometimes sympathetic, "I am sorry," would often work wonders, but we cannot and will not say this until we have trained ourselves to recognize true proportion, and be ready to say "Na botlish" where it belongs. "He first in his own heart kept school."

It is a great deal to "keep the center serene," and if, with that, you make your plan of action the simple "doe the next thyng," your power is assured. This involves daily discipline of one's self, but it includes daily growth in strength, peace and happiness, and a radiation of these qualities.

Katharine, with her persistent "Na botlish," is a proof of it in her rank of life and occupation, and so are many others, through all degrees of the social and industrial scale, who make this their "working rule." Take, therefore, the pretty Irish word for everyday use; meet your perplexities and disappointments with it; borrow Katharine's sunny smile and charming brogue, and say "Na botlish!"

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

A MOTHER'S EYES.

A dear little child about two and a half years old was lying in bed one morning, looking into her mother's face, who, in turn, was gazing fondly on the child. Neither spoke for awhile, when the little one smilingly said:

"You is talkin' to me, mamma."

"No, darling," said her mother, "I did not say anything."

She quickly replied: "Yes, mamma, you is talkin' to me wiv your eyes, and you say, 'O you dear little girl, how I do love you.'"

We must always remember that our eyes speak for us. [*Exchange.*]

Whenever the child put its hand into the hand of Omnipotence there must be courage. When the thought of a Providence fills all the black depths of our ignorance, when the consciousness of law engirdles our lawlessness, and a sense of order enfolds our disordered lives, then the impatience of despair is transformed into the patience of hope.

A 16-page
Weekly.**THE NEW UNITY**\$2.00 per
Annum.

...PUBLISHED FOR...

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

—BY—

**WAY & WILLIAMS, SUITE 1649-50-51 THE MONADNOCK,
CHICAGO.****EDITORIAL MANAGEMENT.**

Named by the Executive Committee of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies and approved by the Directors of the Unity Publishing Company.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, MANAGING EDITOR.HIRAM W. THOMAS, Chairman,
R. A. WHITE,
CAROLINE J. BARTLETT,EMIL G. HIRSCH,
A. N. ALCOTT,E. P. POWELL,
JOSEPH STOLZ,
A. W. GOULD.

Remittances should be made payable to Way & Williams, and should be by express money order, post office money order, draft, check on Chicago bank or registered letter. The date following your name on your paper's "yellow label" will show the date to which your remittance has paid. No other receipt is given unless stamp is sent.

Discontinuances.--Subscribers wishing THE NEW UNITY stopped at the expiration of their subscriptions should notify us to that effect; otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

Changes of Address.--When a change of address is desired, both the new and the old address must be given and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

Letters may be addressed to WAY & WILLIAMS, The Monadnock, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.--All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

Study Table.**THE CENTURY OF SIR THOMAS MORE.**By B. O. FLOWER.—PUBLISHED BY
ARENA COMPANY, BOSTON.

This is the best of Mr. Flower's books. It is in a fine spirit—set to a high, optimistic key. The wonder is how this versatile editor can manage to edit such a magazine and write so many valuable books. The key of it is, I suspect, that he works largely with his heart. His books are all the crystalizing of his sympathies. In this century, from 1450 to 1550, Mr. Flower has found in progress of development certain ideas that he has enjoyed tracing. History to many minds is a garden where they go to see fine things grow, and bud and blossom. The actors may get to be companions with them; the author rambles up and down the avenue of purposings in rare delight. But his peculiar age had in it a considerable likeness to our own—or possibly from 1750 to 1850. In religion the free, bold, constructiveness of Theodore Parker was a second Reformation in the way of religious liberty. Our Luther was preceded by the milder scholarship of Channing, as the older Luther was preceded by Erasmus and More.

I clip one passage from the chapter on the England of Sir Thomas More, that, in my judgment, tells us just what Mr. Flower wrote this book to emphasize. It is the summary of our century as well as that in which he has worked. "Until special privileges are abolished and a comparative equality of opportunity is established, the industrial millions will remain exiles from their just inheritance, doomed to a treadmill existence, and perpetually harassed with fear of eviction, starvation and a pauper's grave." My own sympathy goes farther—to that middle class of Americans, who, owing to the protection of a privileged few, and the petting of a class, are compelled to struggle to keep from falling all the time back into the rank of the helpless poor. Agriculture has been swept from the land and shipping from the ocean by this class legislation; and our destiny is, if we cannot break free, to drop in the hands forever of political rings and business monopolies.

While in most things agreeing with the author, I do not think Mr. Flower completely analyzes Western Europe when he says that during this great awakening the overmastering idea present in the Spanish Peninsula was a passion for the acquisition of wealth. Spain then was almost exactly what Spain is to-day—above all, haughty, cold, dignified. In the strange ferment that closed up the Roman Empire, the most astonishing result was the rise on one side of the Appenines of a new race, frank, versatile, imaginative, proud, constructive, optimistic, almost to volatility; while on the other side of the Alps the fragments of races cemented into a stock almost exactly the opposite—formal, pedantic, vain, pessimistic and religiously vindictive. There is no reason for believing the Spaniards loved money any more than the French or the English; they were only a shade more devilish in getting it. The French cannot be cruel. They are hale fellows with all the world. The history of San Domingo wars was written by Napoleon—a cold Corsican. The gold when obtained by Spain was spent on churches and monasteries, and you find hardly a trace of miserliness in their history. A good deal of this heartlessness of the Spaniard can probably be attributed to its centuries of continual combat. It was never at rest when a part of the Roman Empire, or afterward, when from 800 to 1500 it fought Mohammedanism and Moors. But go as far back as you can, you still find a Spaniard a bigot, and as cruel as Satan. Theodosius was the most detestibly great of Roman Emperors. Phillip II was the aftertype of the same monarch, and every Spanish king and queen is of the same mold—not a noble ruler among them.

The book is delightful in make-up, as it is noble in spirit. Luxury has heretofore been applicable only to editions de luxe; but here is a book of rare, fine art and elegance, as fit for the table as for the shelf.

E. P. P.

MARS AND THE MARSIAANS.

Mr. Percival Lowell has given us a book lately of unique value. It will probably startle all readers into some scepticism. If once we can have these positions confirmed we are on the road to positive communication between the planets and that is a thought big

enough to startle anybody. And, why not? Shall we not soon develop some new method of photography,—no more strange than that of Prof. Röntgen's, that will enable us to distinguish the artificial labors of our starry neighbors? To begin with it is not absurd to suppose other planets inhabited by intelligences like our own. It is absurd to assume to believe the opposite. Professor Cope, in one of his marvelous essays, shows that there is no reason known why protoplasm or like stuff shall not be present and organized on globes very unlike our own. If so, it is not at all chimerical to presume that all intelligences will some day be able to intercommunicate. All atoms of matter repel or attract all others however remote. The molecules in my hand at this moment affect the molecules that enter into the composition of Jupiter. It is irrational to suppose the intelligent unity of the universe is to remain forever less potent and assured than the material.

Mr. Lowell believes we have already demonstrated the presence of intelligent labor on the planet Mars. He holds that the so-called "canals" are really canals dug for irrigating purposes. These enormous artificial aqueducts are rendered necessary by the paucity of water on that planet. Owing to the different densities of the two globes, work would be two-thirds lessened on Mars. For similar reasons the effective force of a man there would be eighty-one times that of a man here; so we need not be astounded at the enormous size of the viaducts supposed to exist. But, says Mr. Lowell, Mars is a relatively old planet; and we must suppose a very advanced stage of intelligent evolution; so, quite possible it is, that machinery there—or the use of power—is far ahead of what we comprehend. "Certainly what we see hints at the existence of beings who are in advance of, not behind us, in the journey of life."

This is all startling and it is after all not so very preposterous. Who are we on this small planet to gauge the universe; to tell what exists; and to assume that nothing does exist out of our line of physical and intellectual evolution? The probabilities are we are very babes in the universe of intelligences. "If astronomy teaches anything, it teaches that man is but a detail in the evolution of the universe, and that resemblant, though diverse details, are inevitably to be expected in the host of orbs around him. He learns that though he will probably never find his double anywhere, he is destined to discover any number of cousins scattered through space."

This book has been waited for by science because it has been so long a dictum that we must not speculate in physics. Speculation has been frowned upon in a lordly way as exceedingly unscientific. So we have gone on until

fat-food

Fatty food is a life-preserver in consumption. Cod-liver oil in the form of **Scott's Emulsion** is assimilated when no other fat can be.

we have constructed the material universe—have weighed the globes, found their orbits; have discovered that everywhere there is not only common law but common stuff—gold, silver, iron, oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, sulphur, magnesium, strontium, even our common table salt, on the sun and on Saturn and Venus. One step farther we have gone, and have demonstrated the monism of the Him in whom all things live and move. But we have been sneered back from the generalization that the universe is a great heart-home for inconceivable numbers of intelligences. Mr. Lowell's book will do a real service in taking the chill out of the infinite. If our brothers, our cousins, are everywhere, it will not be so distressing to think of eternal life.

E. P. P.

The Liberal Field.

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

THE WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

A regular meeting of the directors of the Western Unitarian Conference was held at 175 Dearborn street, March 4, at two p. m. There were present Mrs. Woolley, Messrs. Shorey, Effinger, Fenn, Elliott, Byrnes, Harvey, Southworth and Gould. The Secretary read the report of the last meeting, which was approved. The financial report, sent by the Treasurer, was also read and ordered on file. The Secretary then reported from the Program Committee the program for the annual meeting as far as they had outlined it. They had planned for the opening sermon on Monday evening to be given by Mr. Simmons of Minneapolis. Tuesday forenoon was to be taken up with the business session of the Western Unitarian Conference and the reports from the different State Conferences and other working organizations in our Western field. Tuesday afternoon was to be taken up with a discussion of "Our Missionary Opportunity." First, in co-operation with the State Conferences, and second, in co-operation with the American Unitarian Association. The topics were to be followed by a paper by Mrs. Woolley on the subject, "How Can the Work of the Western Unitarian Conference be Furthered by Co-operation with the Liberal Congress?" Tuesday evening it was planned to have an address from some capable person on "The Relation of Evolution to the Higher Life of Man." Wednesday forenoon was to be taken up with the reports of the Sunday school work and the reports from the different Sunday schools in our conference. Wednesday afternoon was to have two topics, one on "The Development of Religious Life in the Young," and the other on "The Federation of the Young People's Societies." Wednesday evening it was planned to have an address from some competent person on "The Application in our Sunday Schools of the Newer Methods of Instruction." Thursday forenoon was to have a paper by Mr. Lord of St. Paul on "The Place of the Church in the Life of the Progressive Woman," and also some other subject to be announced later. Thursday afternoon the final business session of the Western Conference will take place, and it was hoped that Thursday evening there would be some social reunion, though no plans had yet been made to that effect. The program was

amended slightly by the Board of Directors and then was approved. The Secretary was directed to invite to our annual meeting the Secretary of the American Unitarian Association, the President of the Unitarian Sunday School Society and the head of the Woman's Alliance. Adjourned.

A. W. GOULD, Secretary.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

The March calendar of Mr. Mac Queary's church in this city has just come to hand. His Sunday morning topics take up the teaching of Jesus; what he taught "about God," "about man," about salvation and hell, and "whether his doctrine of prayer is reasonable." The Sunday evening topics take up social questions, dealing with "The Conflict Between Labor and Capital;" "Some of the Causes of Poverty and Some Proposed Remedy;" "The Greatest Curse of Modern Society;" "The Savages of Civilization;" and "Crime and the Proper Treatment of Criminals." The Young People's meetings during March discuss "Paul's First Journey," together with the question "Whether Modern Missions are a Mistake," and at their second meeting they debate the resolution that "The City Should Own Its Gas and Electric Works and Street Railways." Its third meeting is an entertainment, while its fourth meeting is a literary topic and discusses "Bryant's Life and Poetry."

CHICAGO.

The following resolutions were adopted by the Alliance at a recent meeting:

Whereas, we have heard with the deepest regret of the death of Rev. Helen Putnam, the faithful missionary to the settlers in North Dakota; therefore

Be it Resolved, by the members of the Branch Alliance of the Third Unitarian church of Chicago that we have lost a true friend, and the cause for which this church stands a valued supporter and exponent, whose memory and influence will continue to bear fruit in the years to come, and be it further

Resolved, that this preamble and resolution be spread upon our records, and copies thereof be sent by the Secretary to the *Christian Register*, *The New Unity* and the *Fargo, N. D. Press* for publication.

"The First Unitarian Church of our town, W. W. Fenn, minister, has taken a forward step, and one of the most important in its history. On the evening of February 7, at an adjourned annual meeting of the society, it was voted to purchase a lot, 105x178 feet, on the corner of Woodlawn avenue and Fifty-seventh street, one block from the university grounds, and, as

soon as plans are agreed upon, erect a chapel which shall be the home of the afternoon congregation now rallying around Mr. Fenn in Masonic Hall. The cost of lot and chapel is to be largely borne by three individuals, Morton Dennison Hull and Eudora M. Hull, son and daughter of Morton B. Hull, deceased, for so long a faithful friend and supporter of the First Church, and Mrs. Mary Beecher, who, with her late husband, Jerome Beecher, was among the founders of the church. Mrs. Beecher is one of the mothers in our Unitarian Israel, whose generous gift to the university and whose good works in many directions rank her among Chicago's gracious benefactors. The chapel outright is to be a gift from the Hulls as a memorial to their honored father and mother.

This movement on the part of the First church, in stretching out its arm to a comparatively new residence district, and establishing a new center for its work in the immediate neighborhood of our university, is exceptionally provident and far-seeing, as things go among Unitarians. We usually wait until the ground has been pretty thoroughly pre-empted, and then come in to struggle heroically against obstacles of a sort which a little ordinary business sagacity might have prevented altogether. It is safe to say that this aggressive action means new life and energy to the old mother church of Chicago, new youth and activity, new adaptation to the day and the hour. The inspiration and guide of the movement have been the enthusiasm and wisdom of Mr. Fenn; and the guarantee of its success is to be found in the high spiritual and practical tone of his preaching, and in the broad scholarship which gives him standing among the thoughtful and educated."

OAK PARK.

Unity church of Oak Park celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization last Thursday evening. At 6 o'clock the company sat down to a banquet. Dwight Jackson acted as toastmaster and first introduced the pastor of the church, Rev. R. F. Johnnot, who made the opening address. Mrs. Phoebe M. Butler read a carefully prepared historical sketch of the church. Rev. A. J. Canfield of St. Paul's Universalist church, Chicago, spoke at length on the toast: "What the Liberal Church Stands For." He was followed by J. S. Cantwell, D. D., editor of the *Universalist*, who delivered the salutation.

Addresses were also made by Rev. T. B. Gregory of the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago; Rev. Celia Parker Wooley of Geneva, Ill., and several of the charter members of the church.

POND'S

UNIVERSALLY USED AND
RECOMMENDED FOR CUTS,
BURNS, BRUISES, COLDS,
CATARRH, SORE THROAT,
ALL PAIN, PILES AND
INFLAMMATIONS.

USE POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT FOR PILES.

GENUINE IN OUR
BOTTLES ONLY, BUFF
WRAPPERS. SEE OUR
NAME, POND'S EXTRACT
CO., NEW YORK AND
LONDON.

EXTRACT

Schermerhorn's Teachers' Agency.
 Oldest and best known in the United States.
 Established 1855.
 3 East 14th Street, NEW YORK.

WEDDING INVITATIONS,
CALLING CARDS,
FINE STATIONERY.
GOOD WORK,
REASONABLE PRICES.
METCALF STATIONERY CO.,
 136 Wabash Avenue,
 CHICAGO.

THE BERLITZ
School of Languages,
Chicago, Auditorium;
 New York, Boston, St. Louis, Washington, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Minneapolis, Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, London, Paris.
 The Berlitz Method is based on the "Natural Method." Instruction is not by translation, but by conversational exercises in the new language. TRIAL LESSON FREE. Send for Circular.
LE FRANCAIS—A Monthly Magazine containing modern French Comedies, Novels, etc.; also exercises on the difficulties of French Grammar, pronunciation and idioms. Sample copy free.

WE All you have guessed about life
PAY insurance may be wrong. If you
POST- wish to know the truth, send for
AGE "How and Why," issued by the
 PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5
 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

POWDER POINT SCHOOL,
DUXBURY, MASS.
 The Powder Point Hall is now added to the other buildings, and its novel arrangement is well adapted to the school, with its individual teaching and home life for the boys.
 F. B. KNAPP, S. B.



To **California**
 in **3 days**
 from Chicago
 ...over the...
Santa Fé Route.

The California Limited is a new, strictly first-class fast train, vestibuled throughout, lighted by Pintsch gas, and running from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Diego in three days; to San Francisco, three and a half days.
 Through compartment and palace sleepers, chair cars and dining cars.
 For descriptive literature and copy of illustrated book, "To California and Back," address
 G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry., Room 765 Monadnock Block, Chicago.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The Plymouth Sunday School here has been making its own lessons this year and has been studying "Character." The topics are as follows: No. 1, Character; No. 2, The Body a Fit Temple; No. 3, The Dignity of Labor; No. 4, Open-mindedness; No. 5, To Thine Own Self be True; No. 6, Purpose in Life; No. 7, Peace of Mind; No. 8, Moral Courage; No. 9, Enthusiasm; No. 10, The Habit of Observation; No. 11, Growth in Skill; No. 12, Growth in Beauty; No. 13, Hear Instruction; No. 14, Learning to Think; No. 15, Truthfulness; No. 16, Learning to Enjoy; No. 17, Growth in Love. Each of the topics has its "Golden Text" from the Bible, its "Golden Thoughts" from all sources, and its subtopic and suggestive references, as well as a reference to one or two pictures. For example, the third lesson—The Dignity of Labor—was the text: For we are laborers together with God. And among its Golden Thoughts are these:—Each man's task is his life-preserver.—Emerson. Our reward is the race we run, not in the prize.—Bacon. Labor is the divine law of our existence; indolence is desertion and suicide.—Mazzini. Among the subdivisions are:—Relation of Work to One's Own Happiness; Relation of One's Work to the Happiness of Others; Limitations of the Duty and Privilege of Work; Example of Workers Together with God. And in the "suggestive references," passages are referred to both in poetry and prose to illustrate the topic. The leaflets are used in all except the advance adult class and the primary grade. Each teacher selects from the material that which seems best adapted to the particular class.

DOVE, N. H.

A "condensed sermon" on Prophets, Saints and Scientists, by Rev. Duren J. H. Ward, has just been issued by the Dove *Republican* and shows that Mr. Ward is doing fine work in his new parish. Several of his sermons and addresses have been published in whole or in part by the papers of the city and must have done a great deal of good in the community, as this sermon also will do, in which he claims the rank and function of prophet and saint for the scientist.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

The restless Eve, not the indolent Adam, as the parent of civilization.

THE WOMEN'S UPRISING.

—BY—

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

A sermon suggested by the Woman's Congress held in Chicago last May. Neatly printed, with attractive cover. Will make a pleasant souvenir of this memorable congress. Single copies 10 cents. By the hundred, \$6.00.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

WAY & WILLIAMS,

THE MONADNOCK,

CHICAGO.

In making **Soups**
 Always use

Cudahy's
Rex Brand
Extract of Beef
 add a rich, delicious
FLAVOR



The Cudahy Pharmaceutical Co.
 South Omaha, Neb.

BLANCARD'S IODIDE OF IRON.
PILLS.
 ALSO IN SYRUP.

Specially recommended by the medical celebrities of the World for Scrofula, (Tumors, King's Evil), and the early stages of Consumption, Constitutional Weakness, Poorness of the Blood and for stimulating and regulating its periodic course.
 None Genuine unless signed "BLANCARD."
 E. Fougere & Co., N. Y. and all Druggists.

"Liberty and Life."

DISCOURSES BY

E. P. POWELL.

CONTENTS:

- LIFE AND DEATH; WHAT THEY ARE.
- SIN A CRIME AGAINST LIFE: RIGHTEOUSNESS OBEDIENCE TO LAW.
- SINNING AGAINST THE HOLY SPIRIT.
- A SOUND MIND IN A SOUND BODY.
- IS THE AVERAGE LIFE WORTH THE LIVING?
- THE TRUE, THE BEAUTIFUL AND THE GOOD.
- NOT ALLOPATHY NOR HOMEOPATHY, BUT SYMPATHY.
- THE TRUE LIFE.
- THE DOING CREED.
- THE KEYS.
- A BUNDLE OF PARADOXES.
- A SUBSTITUTE FOR ORTHODOXY.
- THE TWO THEOLOGIES.
- NATURAL MORAL COMPENSATION.
- CHARACTER.
- THE RELIGION OF THE FUTURE.
- NEW YEAR IN 1982.

Paper cover, 208 pp.; postpaid. 25 cts.
 Price Reduced from 30c.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

WAY & WILLIAMS,

THE MONADNOCK,

CHICAGO.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING **CHURCH BELLS** CHIMES and PEALS In The World.
 PUREST BELL METAL. (Copper and Tin.)
 Send For Price and Catalogue.
MOSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

CONSUMPTION

To THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T.A.Slocum, M.C., 183 Pearl St., New York.

LATEST NOVELTY. POCKET SALTS.

Crown Lavender Pocket Salts.

The Crown Perfumery Co., of London, call attention to one of their most charming novelties

The Crown Perfumed Pocket Salts.



Made by them for several years in England, but now for the first time introduced into this Country, made in the following odors:

Crown Lavender
Crab-Apple Blossom
White Lilac

Verbena
Natsukita
Violette

And all other odors. Sold as shown or encased in kid purses and can be carried in the pocket with perfect safety.

THE ABOVE ARE PERFECT GEMS

deliciously perfumed with the Crown Perfumes and identical in quality with the world renowned Crown Lavender Salts and various Perfumed Salts, the creation of the Crown Perfumery Company, and so long and favorably known to their London and Paris clientele.

PRICE: Standard Size, 50c. Smaller Size, 40c. In Kid Purses, 75c.

Ask your Druggist for them or by sending either of the above amounts to Caswell, Massey & Co., New York; Melvin & Badger, or T. Metcalf Co., Boston; Geo. B. Evans, Phila.; E. P. Mertz, Wash.; or Wilmot J. Hall & Co., Cin.; one of these bottles of Pocket Salts will be sent to any address. Name the odor required.

Beware of Worthless Imitations.

The Were-Wolf.

By CLEMENCE HOUSMAN. With title-page, cover design and illustrations by LAURENCE HOUSMAN. Square 16mo. \$1.25

Miss Housman has caught the spirit of mystery which broods in the long winter night over the Scandinavian snows.

Mr. Housman's clever designs show the same grasp of Scandinavian feeling.

Paul and Virginia of a Northern Zone.

A romance. Translated from the Danish of HOLGER DRACHMANN, with introductory note by Mr. FRANCIS F. BROWNE. Daintily printed and bound, with cover design by Mr. BRUCE ROGERS. Gilt top, uncut, \$1.25. Also 55 copies on hand-made paper, net. \$2.50

"Many weary days have passed since such an idyll found its way into English literature. . . This is one of the few books meant for all readers."—*Kansas City Star*.

The Wood of the Brambles.

By FRANK MATHEW. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

This new Irish novel is a story of the uprising in 1798, a most tragic period of Irish history, with all its exciting incidents of rapine and outrage, and deeds of daring and self-sacrifice depicted in lurid colors.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

WAY & WILLIAMS,
THE MONADNOCK, CHICAGO.

DAVENPORT, IA.

February 23 Rev. Arthur M. Judy began a series of four Sunday evening sermons. These sermons will not be doctrinal, but of practical helpfulness to all who strive "to be such as help the future." They aim to be of service to people of all churches and no churches, and all are cordially invited to attend the services, which will begin at 7:30 o'clock. There will be good singing. The subjects and dates follow:

February 23.—"Truthfulness Strengthens the Intellect."

March 1.—"Build Strong the Ship of Life."

March 8.—"The Kindness that Saves."

March 15.—"Enjoyment the Best Piety."

It has been found necessary to divide the Sunday-school into two departments. The primary department consists of eight classes which spend the hour in a room by themselves. They have their own opening and closing exercises. They are using the "Nature Studies," as used by some of the intermediate classes, but an effort is being made to give these lessons more in the Kindergarten way. The intermediate and advanced classes now meet in the church room for opening and closing exercises, and part of the classes have their lessons in this room also. Every available space in the building is used for class purposes and still the classes cannot be properly cared for. The attendance is better than for some weeks past, both teachers and pupils showing a desire to make a good record of attendance.—[*Old and New*.

DES MOINES.

The Young People's Religious Union gave a highly creditable amateur performance in the presentation of W. D. Howell's farce, "The Garroters." It was an introductory entertainment, and speaks much for the possibilities of the Union in that direction.

As one of the results of the last Unity Club meeting when Miss McCarthy read a paper on "Municipal Philanthropy," the club voted to appoint a committee to endeavor, through the press and in other ways, to arouse public sentiment toward the adoption of the Pingree plan as one of the solutions of our charity problem. Mrs. Lona I. Robinson and Miss Clarice McCarthy were appointed as the committee.—[*Old and New*.

Winside, Neb.—Rev. Mary A. Safford was recently invited to hold services here. An eager and earnest congregation gathered to listen to her message of a larger hope and freer faith.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Best. The Rest. The Test.

There are two kinds of sarsaparilla: **The best—and the rest.** The trouble is they look alike. And when the rest dress like the best who's to tell them apart? Well, "the tree is known by its fruit." That's an old test and a safe one. And the taller the tree the deeper the root. That's another test. What's the root,—the record of these sarsaparillas? The one with the deepest root is Ayer's. The one with the richest fruit: that, too, is Ayer's. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has a record of half a century of cures; a record of many medals and awards—culminating in the medal of the Chicago World's Fair, which, admitting Ayer's Sarsaparilla as the best—shut its doors against the rest. That was greater honor than the medal, to be the only Sarsaparilla admitted as an exhibit at the World's Fair. If you want to get the best sarsaparilla of your druggist, here's an infallible rule: Ask for the best and you'll get Ayer's. Ask for Ayer's and you'll get the best.

GOLD AT CRIPPLE CREEK.

The fabulously rich gold mining district of Cripple Creek, Colorado, is attracting hundreds of people. That there is an abundance of gold there is already demonstrated beyond doubt.

To reach Cripple Creek, take the Santa Fé Route, the only direct standard gauge line to the camp. Through Pullman sleepers and chair cars. Address,

G. T. NICHOLSON, G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. R'y.
Room 765, Monadnock Block, Chicago.

HEART-BEATS

A Book of Meditations

—BY—

PROTAP CHUNDER MOZOOMDAR.

With Portrait, and Biographical Sketch of the Author by Rev. Samuel J. Barrows.

Cloth, Red Edges, 336 Pages, \$1.50.

ETHICAL RELIGION

BY WM. M. SALTER.

Cloth, 12mo., pp. 332. \$1.50. For sale by

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

WAY & WILLIAMS,
THE MONADNOCK, CHICAGO.

THE MAN WHO WAS WITH FIELD AT KNOX.

[Read at the Knox alumni banquet, Union League club, Chicago, Feb. 13, 1896.]

Last night as I sat thinking of the poet we call "ours,"
A-reading o'er his verses and a-measuring his powers
With those of other poets who have lived since Homer's day,
And who have sung themselves to sleep beneath the crown of bay;
As I sat there a-dreaming of the things he might have said,
A-wishing, like the prophet, when his days on earth had fled,
He'd left his cloak for someone else to wear awhile below—
I heard a step outside upon the newly fallen snow;
A stranger knocked and asked a bed—and what are bolts and locks
When there before you stands a man who'd been "with Field at Knox?"

I gave the trav'ler shelter from the blinding winter's storm;
I got him bread; I gave him drink; I rubbed his cold hands warm;
I tried to start the frozen wheels of memory again
That he might tell me o'er those tales of by-gone days, and then
Unearth from that dim realm where fact and fancy often stray,
A new and unheard tale, "unique, uncut, unknown" to Way;
An incident with which to "extra illustrate" that life,
A scratch from his young pen to tell of boyish bookish strife—
The stranger turned him slowly as a vessel at the docks—
"Yes, early in the '70s I was with Field at Knox."

I waited with all patience for the story to begin;
Of how Field came to Knox an awkward youth and thin;
Of how he once declaimed the "gladiator piece" so well
You'd thought old Spartacus was there himself, to hear them tell;
Of how he used to pick up Horace and read the Odes at sight,
And how he always used to be a-writing things at night—
I wanted him to tell the story over step by step—
Quoth he: "Field was a sophomore and I a junior prep;
I entered late one fall, when all the corn was in the shocks;
Field left that term—yes, yes, I was with Field at Knox."

I could not turn the stranger out to face the midnight air;
I could not, as I looked upon him dozing in my chair,
For thinking that if Field his "Sharps and Flats" were writing still,
And singing verses yet to make us laugh or cry at will,

He'd give the stranger all he had, if he had aught to give,
Just for the sake of those old days he'd like again to live.
Dear Field, "one line of English and of truth will let folks know"
The homage and the gratitude and love to you I owe;
Against whomever else my heart may close, it has no locks
To keep out one who's ever spent a day with you at Knox.

A KNOX MAN.

Teachers and Students Should Take Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

It supplies just the material that is most wasted by brain work and nervous exertion—the phosphates.

MAY BE YOU CAN'T make \$40 or \$50 a week like some agents selling our 5-acre \$100 farms on installments of \$1 weekly, but almost anybody can earn half as much. Send for full particulars. D. L. RISLEY, 211 S. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Souvenir Edition

—OF—

THE COLUMBIAN ODE.

BY

HARRIET MONROE.

This edition of Miss Monroe's famous poem contains, we believe, the first serious attempts of Mr. Will Bradley in the line of book decoration. The title-page, headings, initials and tail-pieces are all designed by him, and the ode is printed throughout upon hand-made paper, with title and cover designs in two colors. Mailed, postage prepaid, on receipt of price, \$0.25.

WAY & WILLIAMS,

THE MONADNOCK,

CHICAGO.

Burlington Route WINTER TOURS

IN PRIVATE PULLMAN PALACE CARS

Under care of a Special Agent, will leave Chicago January 9, February 6 and March 5, for

CALIFORNIA

Via San Antonio, El Paso, Los Angeles, San Diego, Santa Barbara, San Francisco, Del Monte and San Jose, returning via Salt Lake and Rio Grande Scenic Route through Colorado. Price of ticket includes all expenses. Everything

STRICTLY FIRST CLASS

For pamphlets with particulars apply to C. B. & Q. ticket agent or to T. A. Grady, Manager Excursion Department, 211 Clark St

Shelley's Translation of the Banquet of Plato.

A dainty reprint of Shelley's little-known translation of "The Banquet of Plato," prefaced by the poet's fragmentary note on "The Symposium." Title-page and decorations by Mr. BRUCE ROGERS. 16mo, \$1.50. Seventy-five copies on hand-made paper, net..... \$3.00
Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

WAY & WILLIAMS,

THE MONADNOCK,

CHICAGO.

A Free Course of Liberal Lectures.

A course of liberal lectures under the auspices of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies will be given in towns not too far from Chicago. The following persons have already consented to speak in the course:

A. N. Alcott, "The History of the Evolution of the Human Mind in Religion"; B. R. Bulkeley, "Tendencies of the Days"; C. F. Elliott, "Our Larger Selves"; A. W. Gould, "The Upper Current"; Robert Jardine, "The Historical Relations of Buddhism to Christianity"; J. L. Jones, "The Parliament of Religions and What Follows"; Joseph Stolz, "What All Can Believe"; B. F. Underwood, "The Positive Side of Liberal Religious Thought"; R. A. White, "The Untouched Remnant"; Celia P. Woolley, "Form and Substance in Religion."

To new places the only charges will be the traveling expenses of the speakers. To places desiring lectures for the second time some slight additional charge will be made to be used towards paying for the support of the Liberal headquarters in Chicago. All communications can be addressed to A. W. Gould, the chairman of the Missionary Committee, 175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

Notice.

If the subscribers to *The New Unity*, who are sending the paper to me, will give their address in full on the first page of the next paper they send, it will be a help to my post-office work. I could use a score more copies of this paper to good advantage. It is most excellent and helpful. If you are tempted to destroy or leave unused a single paper, REMEMBER ME and the POST-OFFICE MISSION.

JOHN S. BROWN,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Ecce Puella.

By WILLIAM SHARP. Octavo, cloth, gilt top..... \$1.25
"To the woman of thirty."

Russian Fairy Tales.

Translated by R. NISBET BAIN. Illustrated by C. M. GERE. 8vo, ornamental cloth, gilt top..... \$1.50

"It is a reasonable presumption that curiosity will prompt many readers to inspect this volume, and it is quite as certain that those who read it will be well repaid."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

Nim and Cum, and the Wonder-Head Stories.

By CATHARINE BROOKS YALE. Cover and decorations by MR. BRUCE ROGERS. 16mo, linen, gilt top, uncut..... \$1.25

"With the story of Nim and Cum, the queer people who pulled up the north pole for a fishing-rod and tied the equator to it for a line, is bound the 'Wonder-Head Stories,' which Aunt Frity told the 'Fussy-Mussies.' This is just such charming nonsense as delights imaginative little ones as yet too young and ignorant to pin the romancer down to hard facts, and will help out the prosaic mother whose invention is not equal to the constant demand, 'Tell us a story!'"—*Detroit Free Press*.

The Battle of Dorking.

The German Conquest of England, reminiscences of a volunteer, describing the arrival of the German Armada, the destruction of the British fleet, decisive battle of Dorking, the capture of London, downfall of the British Empire. Octavo, paper, 25 cents.

Trade supplied by the Western News Co. and Branches.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

WAY & WILLIAMS,

THE MONADNOCK,

CHICAGO.



Announcements

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23rd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street. M. H. Harris, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plumber, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martine's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33rd street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH (Universalist), Sheridan avenue and 64th street. Sunday services 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P. M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Rev. Frederick W. Miller, Minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby avenue.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union park.

CALLAGHAN & CO., = = = Chicago.

Von Holst's Constitutional and Political History of the United States.

By DR. HERMANN E. VON HOLST. "It is a book," says Charles Kendall Adams, "which should be carefully studied by every student of American politics."

His labors indeed have been immense. * * * A work which every student must needs possess in its entirety.—The Nation.

Prices for the set, complete 8 vols. with index: cloth, \$25; sheep, \$30; half calf, \$38.

Von Holst's Constitutional Law of the United States.

A critical analysis, with citation of authorities. Part I.—The Genesis of the Constitution. Part II.—The Federal Constitution. Part III.—The Constitutional and General Law of the Separate States. By DR. HERMANN E. VON HOLST. 8vo. Cloth. Net, \$2.

Von Holst's French Revolution Tested by Mirabeau's Career.

By DR. HERMANN E. VON HOLST. 2 vols. Cloth, net, \$3.50; half calf, net, \$5.50.

Roscher's Principles of Political Economy.

Together with an essay upon the Historical Methods in Political Economy, by L. Walowski, member of the Institute of France, and three specially written appendices, by Dr. Roscher, on Paper Money, International Trade, and the Protective system. Two volumes, 8vo. Cloth, \$6; sheep, \$7; half calf, \$9.

The Road Rights and Liabilities of Wheelmen.

By G. B. CLEMENTSON. 1895. Cloth, net, 75c.; paper, net, 50c.

Presents the rights of wheelmen to use highways, streets, alleys, sidewalks, etc.; the liability of individuals, cities and towns for injuries to wheels and wheelmen; the liability of wheelmen for injuries to others.

• • •

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

CALLAGHAN & CO., - Chicago.

WHEN YOU WANT TO LOOK ON THE
BRIGHT SIDE OF THINGS, USE

SAPOLIO



The Little Room And Other Stories,

—BY—

Madelene Yale Wynne.

Cover design, frontispiece and decoration by the author.

16 mo, Linen, Gilt Top, \$1.25.

"The Little Room" is reprinted from *Harper's Magazine* for August, 1895, the other stories are new. All have been characterized by Miss Mary E. Wilkins as "richly and weirdly inventive," but with "no foundation in fact or fable." No more original book of "ghostly folk-lore" tales has appeared in this century.

"The Little Room and Other Stories" is a dainty volume of singularly original and interesting tales, skilfully narrated and not to be characterized in a word; a piece of work full of freshness and talent."—Hamilton W. Mabie.

"A very fresh and subtle fancy; she has caught the new air that is blowing on us from the next century. . . . It awakens imagination and gives it a direction."—Julian Hawthorne.

"Mrs. Madelene Yale Wynne believes in thwarting human curiosity. She is provokingly silent to the very end, merely mentioning then that it was all a secret, and that everyone may solve the mystery according to his ability in following a clue. The other stories combine the realistic with the supernatural in a vivid, imaginative way that is quite attractive, despite the slender proportions of each tale. For that very reason, they may be said to have that artistic merit of conveying much with little effort which often crowns the briefest sketches as the best."—Boston Herald.

"This book is finely gotten up, as is also Mrs. Yale's, and they are a credit to the young Chicago firm of Way & Williams, who aim to make their place by work choice in itself and in its dress."—Editorial in *Springfield Republican*.

To every NEW subscriber who remits \$2.25 in advance we will send THE NEW UNITY for one year, and a copy of THE LITTLE ROOM and OTHER STORIES (with poster), postage prepaid.

WAY & WILLIAMS,
The Monadnock, Chicago.